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No. 54

FEB. 15



Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢

HOLY MOLEY!



68
PAGES

in
Full
Color!

Starring **CAPT. MARVEL** in
MAROONED IN THE FUTURE!
EXTRA: CAPT. MARVEL VISITS KANSAS CITY, MO.!

CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES



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All the powers of the GREAT
MIGHTY ARM OF THE SUPREMACY OF THE
UNIVERSE HAVE BEEN GATHERED
TOGETHER AND PLACED IN
THE HANDS OF THE BOY
REPORTER, BILLY BATSON.

WHEN HE PRONOUNCES THE
NAME OF THE ANCIENT MIGHTY
SHALAM HE BECOMES IN A
FLASHING INSTANT OF MOMENTS
THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL!
THE MIGHTY ARM IS DEFEATED
AND A JUSTICE ARM ESTABLISHED
MARVEL REPEALS THE WORD
AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY
ONCE MORE. "NO ANGER IN
THE CHANGE THAT MOST
PEOPLE NEVER EVEN REALIZE
THAT HAS HAPPENED!"



68 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT WITH
The World's Mightiest Mortal...
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

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PLOTS
AGAIN"

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IN THE
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"CAPT. MARVEL
VISITS
KANSAS CITY,
MO."

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Extra!
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DOPEY BANNY DEE
SERGEANT SANDY
TIGHTWAD TAD
GIGGLEGAGS
WHIPPERSHAPPEES
Also!
THE RUN AROUND,
A SHORT STORY



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Captain MARVEL

in SIVANA PLOTS AGAIN!



IN ONE OF HIS MANY SECRET LABORATORIES, WICKED OLD SIVANA, THE NOBLEST WICKEDST SCIENTIST, DURNS OFF HIS 'BURNS!

'I'LL BE NEEDING AN EXHIBIT ROOM! AFTER MANY LONG YEARS OF BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, IN AT LAST GOING TO BECOME RIGHTEFUL RULER OF THE UNIVERSE! HEH, HEH!

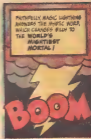


THIS CROWN AND SCEPTER ARE THE BEST I COULD GET BUT THEY'LL DO 'TILL I GET THE REAL THING!



WHY DID I FAIL BEFORE? BECAUSE CAPT MARVEL ALWAYS STOPPED ME. THAT'S WHY! BUT NOW THE CAPT MARVEL IS GOING TO HELP ME! YES--HELP ME! AHA, HEH!















THE JAIL-BREAK SUCCESS AND SWANA LEADS THE CRIMINAL HORDE AWAY!



THE NEXT MORNING AT SWANA'S LABORATORY...



MEANWHILE THE BANG OF ARMED ORIGINALS SPREAD THROUGH THE CITY FOLLOWING SHERIFF ORDERS!





MEANWHILE, BILLY HEARS THE ARTONS
 AND NEWS OVER THE RADIO!

IT'S AWFUL! THE CONVICTS ARE
 NOW RAIDING POLICE STATIONS!
 WHY DOESN'T CAPT MARVEL
 STOP THEM? ESPECIALLY
 SINCE ALL HE DOES IS
 WANDER AROUND DOING
 LITTLE THINGS AND
 IGNORING THE BIGGER!
 WHAT IS
 CAPT MARVEL
 WAITING FOR?

HOORAY!
 THIS IS
 AWFUL!





FREE! NOW TO GO OUT AND FIND SHYANA!

BOOM!

POW!



NO, WAIT! THAT WOULDN'T DO MUCH GOOD! I CAN'T GET SHYANA WHILE HE'S INSIDE THAT MARVEL-ROBOT! I'LL WAIT TILL HE RETURNS--AND TRAP HIM! AA, I'VE GOT IT....



LATER, THE MARVEL-ROBOT RETURNS.

CAPT MARVEL HAS MADE ENOUGH OF AN APPEARANCE -- WITHOUT STOPPING THE RAIDERS! I CAN TAKE OVER SOON NOW!



'HELLO, JET! I'VE LEFT YOU ALIVE THIS LONG, SO YOU COULD SEE MY PLAN COME TO PERFECTION!



BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER, THE CITY WILL BE IN CRIMINAL HANDS AND THEN I, KING SHYANA, WILL TAKE OVER! TAKE A LAST LOOK AT ME, BILLY! SOON I'LL REALLY BE RIGHTEFUL RULER OF THE UNIVERSE!



BECAUSE NOW YOU DIE! ACH, HEH, HEH HEH, HEH!

YANG!
YANG!



BY! BOOSHIN....

PARDON ME!

BOOM!
WHAT'S THIS?
AND MY BILLY ROBOT
COME TO LIFE?





CAPTAIN MARVEL SALUTES YOU !!!



READERS AND FANS:

I WANT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK ALL OF YOU WHO WERE SO LOYAL THROUGHOUT THE WAR AND UP TO THE PRESENT TIME AND WHO COOPERATED SO NOBLY BY BUYING WAR STAMPS AND BONDS AND BY SAVING SCRAP PAPER AND METAL !.

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND I BOTH WISH TO EXTEND TO YOU OUR HEARTIEST THANKS AND APPRECIATION !

SINCERELY,

Capt. Marvel



I JUST WANT TO ADD MY THANKS AND APPRECIATION, TOO, FANS! YOU DID A GREAT JOB!





Lowy/Gardner



WHAT A WHEATIES FAN YOU'LL BE WHEN YOU DISCOVER ALL THE CHAMPION NOURISHMENT, WINNING FLAVOR IN THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. CRISP TOASTED! MALT FLAVORED! NUT-SWEET! -- THAT'S WHEATIES. A MIGHTY DELICIOUS WAY TO GET THE THREE IMPORTANT B VITAMINS, IRON AND FOOD ENERGY THAT'S PACKED IN THIS FAMOUS CEREAL FOOD. YES, YOU REALLY LIKE GOOD-FOR-YOU, GOOD-TASTING WHEATIES. HAVE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- EVERY MORNING.



Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



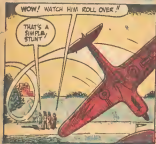
CAPT. KID.

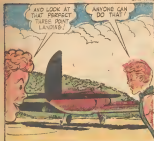
KID.

TAKES
A
FLYER.

LOOK AT
CAPTAIN KID!
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN'T DO!

AT LEAST,
THAT'S WHAT
HE TELLS
US!





GET AT THAT ACHEFT...!

HEY! THAT CAPT. KID IS REALLY TAKING OFF! I NEVER THOUGHT HE WOULD!



HELP! WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'VE NEVER BEEN UP BEFORE!



EVEN IF MY HANDS WEREN'T TIRED I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO TOUCH!



LOOK AT HIM FOLL OVER. IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS DAREDEVIL DICK'S!



IF I COULD ONLY FIND A PARAGUITE I'D GET OUT OF HERE!



WOW! HE'S DOING A TRIPLE LOOP THE LOOP! HE'S BETTER THAN DAREDEVIL DICK!





Capt. MARVEL

and the
**COUNTRY
SLICKER!**



IT'S THE COUNTRY
SLICKER AT
WORK AGAIN!

I'LL SELL
YE THIS
THREE
EGG
CHEAP!

ELLY STRUCK SOME BOY WHOUGHTER
FOR BOSTON WAZ ONE DAY ENDF
HE MARRIED WITH ANNE OF WARREN

LAST OF ALL POLICE WAZEN OUT FOR
SHERY ALONG THE AUTODRIVE
"CITY SLECKER." HE'S GOING
AROUND SWINDLING DRUGS -
PICKING PEOPLE,
SEE SMALL CASH
AND NASTY.

I'LL SEE IN 1938, HE
MARRIED NOW, IN 1939
ANY BULLETINS HAVE
COME IN



STOP! THIS IS AN OFFICE! YOU
CAN'T COME IN
OUT OF MY
OWN OFFICE!

MR. MORRIS IN
TROUBLE... SHAZAM!

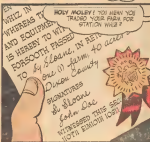


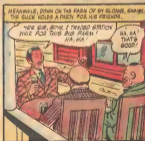
A BUREAU OF MAGIC LIGHTNING
FOLLOWS THE BRIGHT WORD
AND CHARGES ELLY INTO THE
DEEP! CAPTAIN MARVEL!

SOME WADMAN JUST TOOK OVER
MY OFFICE AND JERK!

I'LL
HANDLE
HIM!









I'LL SELL THE PAPER
- QUICK. BUT DUMP
HYGGEED PAPERED
OVER THE DEED TO
ME ' HA, HA!
LIKE BARKER HAD,
THERE'S A PORN
BOSS EVERY
MINUTE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE KREMY-MAKERS, BY SLOWLY HOP
COME BACK, A GARDEN BUT WISE MAN.

SO ON A DUMB HUNDRED, ON 2 SO THEN
CITY SUGGESTS THEM TO GOODY
PEOPLE ARE ALL FOLKS, BY I'LL
SHOW 'EM, BY DEAR!



LATER...

HI THREE
NEIGHBORS!

WHY
BUDS
DID I?



SAY I WERE TO SELL A RADIO STATION
IN THE CITY TO BY SLOWLY, WOULD YOU
BE WILLING? I GOT A LOT OF PROPERTY
AROUND HERE.

AAA
ANOTHER DUMB
HUNDRED AND
WAS I ASKING
FOR IT?
OH BOY!



LET'S SEE, WE
HAVE THE WILDWOOD
HOTEL, THE SAGE
ALSO THE
PALACE
THEATRE.

NOT TO MENTION
CENTRAL PARK,
COMF ABOVE AND
WELL MAKE THE
DOWN FOR YOU AND
JOHN.



LATER...

THANKS! IT WAS NICE OF
YOU TO THROW IN THE AIRPORT
TOO! I'LL GO TO THE CITY
NOW AND BE BOSS!

YEE-OF
LOUDES!
HA, HA!



LOOK WHAT I
GOT FROM THAT
DUMB BOK--
A WHOLE
LAMP!

I GOT A
RIVER ACROSS
A RIVER!

AND I GOT
TIMBER-
LAND!
HA, HA!







THE RUN-AROUND

By JUSTIN DEWEY TRIEM

IT WAS the last half mile into the valley to the cabin, and even the dogs were yipping their pleasure as they tore along ahead of the heavy supply-sled. Vic's slim hands gripped the guides and he couldn't help grinning at the thought of getting some hot grub under his belt, listening to Mike's easy-going voice as he told about the catches he'd made while Vic was down at the Post. The team rounded a shoulder of spruce and swung in beside the cabin.

"Hi, Mike!" Vic yelled, hustling around the door. "Get the coffee pot on?"

Vic jerked the latch string, shouldered the heavy door open and stomped inside.

"Hey, Mike—" The greeting died as Vic faced the two armed men. "Reception party," Vic murmured, regaining his composure. "What's the occasion, gents?"

Mike was sitting in a chair, bound and gagged. Above profuse whiskers his grey eyes snapped with indignation. He made a growling sound, chewed savagely at the gag.

The bigger of the two strangers stepped forward. His grim, twisted face wrinkled as a grin. "Make yourself at home, mister," he greeted. "Call me Pat. This is my partner, Artie. You better help

the gent off with his duds and make certain he ain't carrying anything dangerous. Artie. We wouldn't want a nice young fellow like him hurting himself with firearms."

Artie was smaller, sullen, and thorough. No doubt, Vic decided privately, they were originals. But what had they come for?

"Okay," Artie growled. "Nothing."

The twisted grin faded from Pat's face. "Unsh Mike. We can handle 'em both." He turned to Vic. "I'm warning you right now, son... don't try anything. If you do—" Pat cocked the gun significantly. "Now get your things off and settle down. Mike here's getting supper."

"I've got to unharness the dogs." Vic controlled the anger in his voice carefully. "If you don't mind—"

"He's gotta do what?" Artie questioned suspiciously.

"Unharness the mutts," Pat snapped irritably. "Don't be dumb all your life. They use dogs and sleds up here in this neck of the world. You being so thick, you better go along and see how it's done. Maybe—we'll want to know how later on."

Vic got part of the story from old Mike. He'd been tending the trap line. Already

their catch was worth well over five thousand dollars. While Vic had been away at the Post, Mike had been extra busy. So much so he hadn't noticed when the pair of strangers slipped out of the woods, and stuck guns in his ribs.

"And don't think they aren't curious about our catch," Mike warned. "They been asking plenty of questions. Maybe they're dumb but they'll catch on after a while."

"What're they all the way up north for?"

"Come again," Mike grunted. "Probably hiding. My guess is when they decide to pull out of here, they'll take everything they can cram onto the sled. And the furs will be first."

THE FOLLOWING day Pat hung around while Vic cleaned and stretched the latest catch Mike had brought in. Artie followed Mike wherever he went. For a while Vic debated the possibility of a surprise attack upon Pat, but he'd already seen both the criminals dry-shooting and knew they were fast.

"Make a nice profit up here during the winter," Pat observed. "Easy to see those furs are worth money."

"And that interests you, I guess," Vic snarled.

"I'd never refuse a honest dollar," Pat chuckled at his humor.

Later that week Vic offered to cover the trap line for Mike. Early the next morning he started out, big and bossy Pat eyeing him every inch of the way.

"You just take it easy," he warned Vic once. "Don't try to give me the slip. If you do you'll be sorry."

The catch was good. All pelts were prime and in good condition. Out of curiosity Pat offered to carry a few.

"They're sure soft," he admired, little eyes greedy. "No wonder the dams go nuts for dudes made out of these things."

It was time to turn back. Unless they hurried Vic knew they'd never reach the cabin before night fell. Without telling Pat, Vic took a short cut. Suddenly Pat's voice blared, "Hey, you Hold up!"

Vic stopped. Pat dropped the pelts, floundered close. As he came his heavy face was belated and grinning.

"You're trying to give me the slip," Pat snarled dangerously. "If you think you're getting away with it, you're crazy!"

It was dark when finally they reached the cabin. As they came into the light Pat's face wore a look of intense relief.

"This dump's giving me the willies," he admitted. "I've had about enough."

THAT EVENING Mike whispered, "I think they're fixing to pull out, Vic. You musta spured the big feller. He's through."

Early the next afternoon, Pat confirmed Mike's words. "We're leaving," he announced, his hand dropping to his gun. "You two get the dogs

harnessed and load the stuff. And put the furs on first!" "You damned thief!" Mike exploded harshly. "You think—"

Pat's hand flicked out his gun. "I'm not thinking, old timer. I've done that. I'm telling you... get out there and harness them muffs!"

"You'll never find your way," Mike warned. "You'll get lost—"

Artie moved in from the side, a sly grin on his face. "You've got a map," he said softly. "We saw you looking at it the other night. That'll lead us out!"

His hand moved. It held his gun. It went up and down. The dull thud of the weapon was followed by a moan, as Mike slid down in a heap on the floor.

"Okay," Pat snarled from across the room. "You Vic, get out and harness them muffs. Move Fast!"

At last they were ready to go. The furs had been packed first. Pat saw to that. Mike had been bound roughly, left lying where he had fallen. Vic staggered back into the cabin. As he did so a crushing blow drove him unconscious to the floor.

It was dark and cold. The door was open. Vic struggled to his feet. There was still a small fire in the stove and he crammed more wood in, then lit the lantern.

Mike was sprawled motionless, his eyes half open. His lips moved feebly. "Coming... coming... coming back," Mike whispered hoarsely. "Watch... watch... coming... back..."

"Take it easy," Vic said, holding Mike down firmly. "You'll be okay. Try to sleep."

Out of his head, Vic thought desperately. What could he do? Outside the wind cried loneliness. Snow pattered against the windows. Vic stood listening. He felt suddenly scared, lost if only he could do something—

The sound was distant and

faint. For a moment Vic frowned, wondering if his own mind could be playing tricks. He was sure he had heard the yelping of dogs.

Tensely Vic listened. Again the sound came, unmistakable this time. It was closer, too. Someone was approaching. Could it be... Pat and Artie? Why should they be coming back?

VIC TURNED the lantern wick down to almost nothing, moved over beside the door. An instant later the door shot open. Snow and wind swept in tumbling two men before it. They stumbled.

Swiftly Vic turned up the lantern, hurled himself upon the two.

Pat and Artie!

"Just be there," Vic warned. "I'll blow the heads off both of you if you move!" Swiftly he bound them, slammed the door, turned up the lantern fully.

Pat stared dazedly. "You," he chattered. "I—w—w—" "Come back," Vic said gently. "Afraid of the dark?" "Back hell!" Pat stormed savagely. "We followed the map the old guy had. It led us right here!"

From the bunk Mike's voice came, a whisper but rational for the first time.

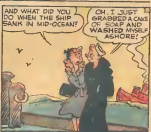
"T—that's right—Vic—" The voice died out and Vic moved swiftly across the room, bent down above his partner. Mike whispered, "I—I—fixed that map—for them—especially—tricked 'em—too dumb—to know the—difference. Took 'em in—a circle and—brought 'em right back—here!"

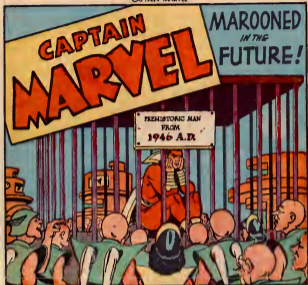
Mike dropped into sleep. Vic stared down, wonder and admiration in his heart. Old Mike had played a crafty game. It had been costly, but he'd come through a winner. He'd prepared the map to take the criminals through the hills... and back again.

Yes, Mike had given them a run-around, all right!

The End

GIGGLE GAGS





MAROONED
IN THE
FUTURE!

PREHISTORIC MAN
FROM
1946 A.D.

BILLY BATSON, HOME BOY NEWSCHOTER FOR STATION WABC, IS AT THE PARKING GROUNDS WATCHING A NEW ROCKET-PLANE BE TESTED.

WOOLY WOOLY, HOOT SPEED! FOLKS, THIS HIGH-EDGED-PLANE IS THE FASTEST THING IN THE AIR! THE TEST-PILOT IS BREAKING ALL RECORDS!



WATCH THE TEST-PILOT LAUNCH AGAIN...

DID YOU
OPEN IT UP
MORE?

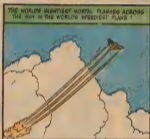


NO! I DON'T
DARE! IT WAS
DESIGNED SO FAST
I WAS AFRAID TO!

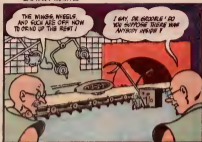
YOU'LL HAVE
TO GET
SOMEBODY
ELSE TO OPEN
IT UP ALL
THE WAY!
I CAN'T
DO IT!

WELL! WE
HAVE TO
KNOW HOW
FAST THE
SHIP CAN
REALLY GO!









THE LAST OPERATION DROPS CAPT MARVEL OFF!

I JUST WISH I
KNEW WHAT THIS
WAS ALL ABOUT!

THE METAL
MACHINE IS
ALL TAKEN
APART.

YES, LET'S GO
SEE HOW WHAT
METALS AND ALLOYS
IT WAS MADE
OF.

LOOK! ALUMINUM!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
ANY SINCE I WAS
A BOY!

AND STEEL!
IT'S ALMOST AS
GOOD AS OUR
PLASTICS!

LOOK! HERE'S SOME
UNIDENTIFIED
METAL!

LET'S SEE
WHAT
IT IS!

UNIDENTIFIED
METAL

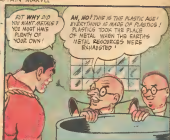
WHY LOOK!
IT'S A ROBOT!

I'M NO ROBOT! I'M AS HUMAN AS
YOU ARE! BUT FOR FORTY YEARS,
TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
AND WHY ARE YOU WEARING
THOSE CRAZY CLOTHES?

YOU MEAN THIS
IS THE YEAR 2444?
I'M IN THE
FUTURE?

YES! LET
ME
EXPLAIN!

CRAZY CLOTHES!
WHY THESE ARE
THE LATEST
STYLE OF THE
YEAR 2444!









BENNY BEAVER AND FUZZY BEAR IN BIG FIGHT

Way! Look! Here's loads of fun for only 10¢. FLATTION, the new science value toy. Action! It almost seems to life but here you're real. Featuring BENNY BEAVER and FUZZY BEAR from Disney's PUMPKIN ANIMATED Comics. A touch of the finger

pull, these clever animals and colorful accompanying scenes which will thrill you for hours.

Send your order with 10¢ to the CAPTAIN MARVEL Club, 48 West 57th Ave., Greenwich, Conn.



ADV

WHIPPER-SNAPPERS

YOU'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE, JOHN. TELL ME, WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE LIVE IN THE PO VALLEY?



"PO" PEOPLE

TRAVELOGUE

HAVE YOU DECIDED WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

MY HUSBAND WANTS ME TO TAKE A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD, BUT I'D RATHER GO SOMEPLACE ELSE!



WHEN I WAS IN ENGLAND, I SAW A BRID TWENTY FEET LONG

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF BUNK TO ME!



HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE OCCIDENT?

NO, WAS ANYBODY HURT?



WELL, DARLING, I'VE FIGURED IT ALL OUT.

WHAT?

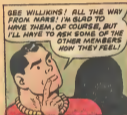
I'VE SAVED ENOUGH MONEY SO WE CAN GO TO BERMUDA.

OH! HOW WONDERFUL! WHEN CAN WE LEAVE?

JUST AS SOON AS I SAVE ENOUGH TO COME BACK ON!



AND STILL THEY COME!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE TWO HEADS TO JOIN, KIDS, BUT I ADVISE YOU TO WASTE NO TIME IN CUTTING OUT THIS COUPON AND SENDING IT, WITH 10¢, TO CAPT. MARVEL, 22 W. PUTNAM AVENUE, GREENWICH, CONN.!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
22 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the glowing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose 10¢ (in coin or stamp) to cover the cost of mailing. Also, I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which contains the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other surprises.

Name _____ Age _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State No. _____ State _____

Please be sure that your coupon is filled out accurately so that your membership will not be held up!



Capt. MARVEL

in
STATION WHIZ
GOES TELEVISION!



THIS IS A BIG
DAY FOR STATION
WHIZ, BUT
HERE'S TRADING
FOR ONE FIRST
TELEVISION PER-
FORMER! I HOPE
YOU'VE NOT
FORGOTTEN!

PEOPLE JUST
HEARD MY
VOICE BEFORE!
THEY NEVER
HAD TO
LOOK AT ME!



WHY SO
HAPPY?
I'M NOT
PHOTO-
GENIC!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT!
YOU'VE GOT
A GREAT
SUCCESS! THEY'RE
WAITING FOR
YOU IN THE
TELEVISION
STUDIO
NOW!



HOY HOY!
I HOPE I
DON'T LOOK AS
NEEDING AS I
FEEL!



FOOLS!
INSURATES!

I, PETER LARWOOD, HAVE
BESTOWED MY TALENT UPON
YOU! BUT YOU BETTER USE IT!



AND
STAY
OUT!

YOU WILL
LOSE THIS
DAY!
I SWEAR
IT!





AND BILLY PATRON IS REPLACED BY CAPT MARVEL,
THE WORLD'S BRIGHTEST MORAL...



NON TO SETTLE
WITH LADYBOD...

YOU
G... IT
GO!



YOU'RE THE PERFECT
TELEVISION TYPE!
ABSOLUTELY
PERFECT!

WHO
AM I?



BUT I
CAN'T
DO
ANYTHING!

NONSENSE!
YOU'RE CAPT
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S
BRIGHTEST MORAL!
YOU MUST HAVE
GREAT
UNDISCOVERED
TALENTS!



BUT
BUT
LADYBOD...

NEVER MIND HIM!
I'LL FIGHT YOUR
TESTS RIGHT AWAY!
I'LL BE GLAD TO TRY
THE WAY OF THE
TELEVISION!



CAPT MARVEL IS TESTED FOR ACTING ABILITY...

"A WAVE LIGHT FROM YOUR MOUTH
DEBARS IT IN THE
BEST AND QUART
IS THE SON...!"

TERMINAL
ANFOL!



AS AN ACTOR, YOU
WOULD MAKE A GOOD MAN
SANDWICH! TRY THE
COMEDY SCRIPT!
YOU MIGHT BE
BETTER AT TELLING
JOKES!

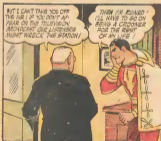








MEMORIAL IN RETRO LASTINGLY LOVELY GUESTS...







Here's some good advice from MIGHTY MARVEL BUNNY!



Enjoy their laugh-packed adventures in every issue of
"FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS!"

READ GEORGE PAL'S
PUPPETOONS



IT'S NEW! IT'S EXTRA-SPECIAL! IT'S HERE!

GEORGE PAL'S PUPPETOONS!

THE WHOLE FAMILY FROM GRANDPA TO BABY
WILL ENJOY THE LAUGHS, THE ADVENTURES AND
THE ZESTFUL FUN THAT IT WILL BRING THEM
FOR ONLY TEN CENTS! *PICK UP YOUR COPY NOW!*

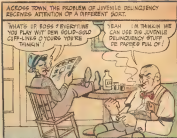


CAPTAIN MARVEL









MEANWHILE SAM MOLEN IS SHOWING BILLY PATRICK THROUGH AMBAC...

WE JUST PICKED UP A POLICE ALARM. HE MOLEN... KIDS SMASHING STORE WINDOWS!

PARDON ME, SAM, BUT CAPT MARVEL'S GONING TO LOOK INTO THIS! SHAZAM!



SEE YOU LATER SAM!

SOON AT THE HOME OF THE VANDRUM...

THOSE KIDS GAVE US THE SLIP CAPT MARVEL!

HEY MIKE... THE ALICE FINE FUR SHOP DOWN THE BLOCK HAD BEEN ROBBED!

HUAM LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



AND IN A DARK ALLEY NOT FAR OFF...

HERE'S YOUR TEN DUCK DUCKS... NOW GOOBY!

GEE, THANKS, WISTER, THAT WAS FINE. AN WE GOT PAID FOR IT!



AT THE LOOTED FUR SHOP.

THEY BROKE THE WINDOW AND CLEANED THE PLACE OUT. SEND OUT AN ALARM... THOSE KIDS HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!



OH FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE KIDS... WHAT'S THIS? A GOLD CLIP-LINK? HA-HA-HA! SINCE WHEN ARE KIDS WEARING GOLD CLIP-LINKS?



KIDS DON'T ROB THE SHOP! THIS EXTENSIVE GOLD CLIP-LINK IS MY ONE CLUE! WADDERE OWING IT WOULD LIKE IT BACK... IF HE WAS SURE THE POLICE WDN'T FIND IT I'D AN IDEA THAT MAY WORK...



SOMEONE'S GONING SOME KING BEANING NEAR HERE AND WE'VE GOT A DESCRIPTION OF THEM. WILL PICK EM UP.







THE NIGHTMANT VORTAL PARDED OVER WEST PERRING ROAD
AND THE GENERAL POST OFFICE



SOON CAPTAIN MARVEL ARRIVED AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



CAPTAIN MARVEL,
GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
WE PICKED UP THOSE
TWO KIDS

GOOD, BUT I WANT YOU
TO CHECK THE FINGERPRINTS
ON THIS COLLAR



HELLO,
JUDGE
COWAN!

OH, CAPT MARVEL!
I'VE JUST BEEN
TALKING TO THOSE
BOYS. I CAN'T GET
A THING FROM
THEM...



THEY KEEP
DENYING THE ROBBERY,
BUT ADMIT SHARPING
THOSE STOLEN
WINDOWS!



CAPT MARVEL, WE CHECKED THE PRINTS
ON THAT COLLAR. THEY CHECK WITH
THOSE OF LOUIS NEMO, A CROOK
OUT ON PAROLE.

LOUIS NEMO'S NEVER BEEN
GOING STRAIGHT HE HAS
A PERFECT RECORD
SINCE HIS
PAROLE!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT
JUDGE COWAN. I'LL BE
BACK IN A FEW
MINUTES.

LIGHTNING SPEED SENDS CAPT MARVEL
TO HIS DESTINATION

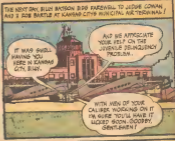


HERE WE ARE
AGAIN AND THE DOOR'S
LOCKED. I CAN
FIX THAT!



MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS JUDGE COYAN AGAIN TRIES TO HELP BIFF AND CHUCK.





A Code Message From Capt. Marvel!



Tally ho, gals! Don't get it straight and no more, every Wednesday morning. I think I will use a bit of last time, get her to see a bit about getting the new "GUY BASKING" book you send me. All the greatest bit for more to give you a good bit about King of the night!



Remember! CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES is now on sale EVERY OTHER FRIDAY! Watch for issue No. 55 on February 10!